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Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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An INDEX to VOLUME LXXVI (Jan-June, 1909) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded postfree for 3d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE hysterical fit of ramping rage and whimpering despair which is now convulsing the Radical Party should really be a subject for pity rather than laughter. Indeed, the epileptic outburst from the Radical hosts, following immediately upon the action of the House of Lords in referring Mr. George's Budget to the consideration of the people, affords a spectacle of degraded manhood from which decent-minded persons would gladly avert their eyes. But the fact that there is conscious method in the madness, a poisoned danger in the spume and froth of Radical frenzy, makes it necessary for all constitutional citizens to watch with armed vigilance the change and character of the virulent distemper which has so afflicted the quaking pockets and disordered minds of the "self-helps." Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, and their followers, including Mr. Asquith, are desperately afraid of the people. They are maddened and embittered at the prospect of being tried by the people. They realise that they stand to lose everything dear and precious to their hearts by such a trial, the sweet and comfortable jobs and bobs of office. The whole party is threatened by a cataclysm. Even Mr. P. W. Wilson, of the *Daily News*, is not certain of being returned to the next Parliament, and, in the face of such possible disasters as this, it is easy to understand the bleat and babble of terror-stricken Radicalism. But the jobs and bobs are not going to be lost without an effort, and even in the midst of their anguished weepings, gnashing of gold-filled teeth, and tearing of palm-oiled hair, the comrades are settling down to a last death-desperate campaign of cupidity and malignant misrepresentation. Mr. Asquith sounded the note on Thursday in a speech full of shallow hypocrisies, punctuated throughout with hollow tappings on the showman's drum, Sir Henry Norman has been characteristically active, whilst the entire Radical Press, which may now be more happily described as the

"Whitechapel-Murder-Press," has been lying with a bombastic industry even worthy of such a past master in the arts of craft as the notorious Mr. Ure.

Last week we had occasion to call attention to the discreditable conduct of Captain Hemphill (chairman of the Political Committee of the National Liberal Club), who vainly endeavoured to organise a riot in the precincts of Parliament, and this week we have further evidence of the tactics employed by the Radical wire-pullers in their efforts to delude and disgrace the country. The following instructive document was received during the week by the editor of every Radical newspaper of any pretensions in the country:—

THE BUDGET LEAGUE.

President: Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.
Chairman: Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.
Hon. Sec.: Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Confidential.

Dear Sir,—I venture to lay before you the suggestion that your paper should appear the day after the Lords have rejected the Budget with its chief editorial and news pages in mourning—that is, with turned rules.

I have reason to believe that this suggestion will be acted upon by a number of important papers, and it seems certain that so striking a manifestation of Liberal sentiment would vividly direct the attention of readers to the unprecedented gravity of the day's news.—I am, yours faithfully, HENRY NORMAN.

In point of fact, we have yet to learn that any single Radical news-sheet acted upon Sir Henry Norman's comic opera suggestion, but this is not attributable to the fact that the suggestion was base, but rather to the fact that it was childish and transparently idiotic. No more contemptible dodge for theatrical display has ever been conceived by a political showman, but its discovery certainly assures us that Captain Hemphill has at least one worthy colleague in the counsels of Radicalism.

Meanwhile the "Whitechapel-Murder-Press" has been racking the brains of its sub-editors for scarce "headlines," of which the following are a fair sample of what appeared in terrifying type on the morning after the House of Lords had accepted Lord Lansdowne's amendment:—

REVOLUTION BEGINS.

SUICIDE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DAY OF RECKONING.

THE GREAT PLUNGE.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

THE COUP D'ETAT.

THEY'VE DONE IT!

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

MURDER OF THE BUDGET.

As if this was not sufficient to freeze the blood of their "horny-handed" readers, columns and columns of journalistic bilge was evacuated into the Radical journals by an army of specially selected descriptive writers. This is the

way in which the *Daily Chronicle* announced the decision of the Peers:—

The black deed has been done. For the first time in the history of England a Budget providing the means for all the financial needs of the year has been destroyed by the House of Lords. Lord Lansdowne's amendment was carried by the Peers at midnight as follows:—

For	350
Against	75

Majority for 275

Serious financial embarrassment must ensue to the nation. Parliamentary confusion has been created; and the British people are brought face to face with a constitutional crisis more grave than any that has occurred since the Revolution of 1688.

It is charitable to assume that the Lords know not what they do. Not that there has been much levity of spirit exhibited during the debate. On the contrary, the mood has been one of sombre fatalism.

But the vast and far-reaching consequences that must follow from their action over the Budget, the majority of the Tory Peers clearly do not apprehend, though there is a dim perception that it is a grave business.

Sullen, but bewildered, they trooped last night into the Division Lobby, and took action which must destroy the equipoise of the British Constitution as it has existed for many centuries.

In destroying the Budget the House of Lords is acting in defiance of solemn warnings addressed to it by its most distinguished members—Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Lytton, not to speak of many Liberal peers, have besought them, almost with tears, to stay their course.

It has been all in vain. Blind with fear of the land taxes, urged onward by the relentless pressure of the Tariff Reformers, lashed forward by the liquor interest, the House of Lords has rushed on its fate.

It is now for the nation to speak.

The last sentence contains the only statement in this tawdry piece of dishonest fustian to which we cannot take exception. Certainly "it is now for the nation to speak," and we believe it will speak with no uncertain voice. The nation will realise that the whole Radical position, as Mr. Balfour said in his remarkably fine speech on Thursday, is summed up in saying to the country:—

The Lords have insulted you by asking you your opinion. Take care to give such a vote that your opinion will never be asked again!"

As a sort of enlivening contrast to the frenzied howls of its leader columns and the somewhat gloomy discussions on "murder," "suicide," "revolutions," "violations of the people," etc., the *Daily News* favoured its readers on Wednesday morning with a little "impression" of Mr. Lloyd George. It appears that Mr. George ate his dinner on Tuesday evening in a Strand restaurant, where he came under the vigilant observation of the *Daily News* reporter. Signing himself "An Admirer," this writer contrived to spill nearly a column of wheedling gush into his journal, much of which is really too precious to be missed. Here are a few extracts:—

It was my fortune to sit opposite him and his companion at the next table, and the man fascinated me. I could not keep my eyes off him. I watched every play of his features.

His face, which represents every changing emotion,

was a delightful study, at one time, cigar in hand, emphasising every point with his uplifted forefinger or by gentle taps on the table. Sometimes the whole hand was raised; at other times, in sombre thoughtfulness, it caressed his moustache. Then, all at once, the eyes sparkled, and the merry laugh rippled forth, showing two deeply marked parallel lines at each corner of the mouth. But it was his winning smile that chiefly attracted me. It drew me towards him as by a magnet.

Lloyd George is a thorough Celt. Never for a moment is he at rest. All the moods of human nature—and he is very human—from grave to gay, alternately, chase themselves across his features. The band plays a pathetic little tune. He is silent at once. Conversation with his companion ceases. He is wrapped in ecstasy. He is dreaming.

I see his far-away look roam over the room. But he is not looking. He does not see. You know that look; it touches you. It inspires you. It gives you a glance deep down into that soul where ferments a passionate love of humanity inspired and nurtured amongst his native Welsh hills.

And thus lived the man on the night of the Lords' great act of treason to British liberty.

Even if a curious nation is still ignorant as to whether Mr. George eats his peas with a knife, we are all happy in the knowledge that he takes his jam with a trowel. On some future occasion it is possible that the *Daily News* reporter may enjoy the good fortune of being shaved in the same barber's shop as Mr. Winston Churchill, when we may confidently expect some quite wonderful results from the soft soap and lather.

We have read with amused contempt the report of an address in support of a Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, delivered by Mr. Bernard Shaw at the annual meeting of the Oxford University Drama Society. We have always contended, in view of Mr. Shaw's published utterances on Shakespeare in the past, that the appearance of his name amongst the members of the Executive Committee formed for the purpose of establishing a Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre is a gross and deliberate insult to the poet's memory, and we have contended that Mr. Shaw and his friends are not so much concerned for the well-being of the Shakespearian drama as with the establishment of a permanent and comfortable home for certain plays of anything but a Shakespearian or classic character. In support of this view, we note in the report of the speech delivered by Mr. Shaw at Oxford that the one thing conspicuous by its absence is the name of Shakespeare. But Mr. Shaw was eloquent when pleading for the collection.

To begin with, he said, they must get a great deal of private aid. State aid he looked to in the long run, but the State would never help them unless they made a beginning. There was a large class of private persons in the country who enjoyed enormous incomes, who did not do anything in return—that was to say that, however active they might be, their incomes did not depend on their activity, and the system of those who were supporting this movement was to appeal to these persons with these large incomes to act more as trustees of the nation.

Having spoken of the part that melodrama played in the life of the nation, Mr. Shaw said, at the approaching General Election they were going to have a sort of melodrama, with a considerable difference of opinion as to which was the hero and which was the villain. If they wanted to be a melodramatic nation, do not have a national theatre, but if they wanted to be a cultured, poetic, philosophic nation they must have one.

How sweetly simple is the issue! Are we to be melodramatic with privately owned playhouses, or are we to be cultured, poetic, and philosophic with a nicely upholstered publicly endowed theatre sacred to the plays of—well, shall we say the plays of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barker, and others of a like kidney? In passing, it seems to us a little unfortunate that these sweetly simple plans of guileless beneficence, whose only object is to make us all cultured, poetic, and philosophic, should invariably be associated in the public mind with a certain political poster that used to inform us, with a rather tiresome persistency: "It's your money we want."

There are some things in this world that never surprise us, and one thing is the Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll. We were therefore in no sense astonished on Friday when we discovered the Radical Robertson Nicoll writing a column of praise in the *Daily Mail* of a certain Harmsworth publication called the "*Daily Mail Year-book*." Dr. Nicoll, who has always been one of the most acute and discriminating financial journalists, modestly informs the *Daily Mail* readers that the present issue of the "*Daily Mail Year-book*" "surpasses even its predecessors." Further, we are told, "in accuracy, fairness, comprehensiveness, condensation, practical usefulness, and cheapness it satisfies the most exacting tastes." We also learn from this instructive review that the case for tariff reform is argued by Mr. Ellis Barker and for free trade by Mr. Chiozza Money, and as one of these gentlemen hails from Germany and the other Italy, there is evidently a "true blue" British flavour about the politics. We are, of course, glad to see Dr. Nicoll employed on such literary labours, for which he is so eminently suited by temperament and talent, but, at the same time, we confess to our inability to explain how he reconciles the booming of a Harmsworth book with the dictates of his cast-iron Presbyterian Radical conscience. However, perhaps Sir Clement Shorter will explain the true inwardness of this apparent inconsistency in next year's number of "Pears' Annual."

"The Importance of Being Earnest" has been revived at the St. James's Theatre, and we should be delighted if we could find it in our hearts to congratulate Mr. George Alexander on the production of this exquisite comedy. Unfortunately, however, with the best will in the world Mr. George Alexander is unable to escape the common lot. In other words, like the rest of us, he grows older as the years roll by; and Mr. Allan Aynesworth is in the same distressing predicament. The parts taken by Mr. Alexander and Mr. Aynesworth respectively are those which they filled with such conspicuous success some fifteen years ago, and even in those days Mr. George Alexander was no chicken. They are supposed to represent two young men about twenty-five years of age. Devouring time which blunts the lion's jaws has not altogether spared either Mr. Alexander or Mr. Aynesworth, and the spectacle which they now present of two middle-aged gentlemen disporting themselves and indulging in the capers which are proper to youth is one which is not without its pathetic side; but stern duty compels us to draw attention to what amounts to an unnecessary attempt to sacrifice the genius of Oscar Wilde to the professional vanity of two accomplished actors who ought to know better.

Some time ago we had occasion to call attention to a dispute which had arisen between Lord Alfred Douglas, the editor of this paper, and Mr. Charles Read, the well-known commission agent, of 21, Haymarket. We are happy to be able to announce that this dispute has been settled, and that Mr. Read has honourably handed to Lord Alfred Douglas a cheque in settlement of the account. Any aspersions which may have been made on either side are withdrawn, and in the event of our wishing at any time to back our fancy, we should not hesitate to have further dealings with Mr. Charles Read.

APOLOGUES

IRON.

"We will e'en blind him, that he may sing the sweeter," quoth Snug.

"Ay, marry," quoth Bottom.

"I'll see them blowed first!" said the thrush.

SONNET.

"It's like this, my dear fellow," remarked the wealthy young person, "when I want anything I simply ring for it, and there you are!"

"Well," whispered the hard old wiseacre, "just you ring for happiness."

SUPPLICATION.

"What is it that these mortals continue so passionately to desire?" inquired the angel.

"It is difficult rightly to make out," replied the other angel, "but so far as I can gather, it seems to be largely an affair of the trencher."

DISCRETION.

There was a man who went about with a cudgel, crying "Touch me if you dare!"

And in his private heart were written these words: "Blessed are the meek."

COINCIDENCE.

"I loved my wife," said the old Duke. "She had eyes in which you might read for ever. And she had a rose for her mouth, and a fragrant heart, and she loved me."

"I can well believe your grace," quoth the old neatherd. "It was even so with my wife, Tib."

Wing-Beating.

The Angel of Death met a *Times* special correspondent in a dark lane.

And the special correspondent gibbered and cried loudly for Mr. Moberly Bell.

"Well—this is a pretty return for all the threepences you made out of me," remarked the Angel of Death.

THE "ATHENÆUM" AND MR. WATSON'S POETRY

IN the *Athenæum* for November 20 there appeared a lengthy review of Mr. William Watson's "New Poems." We do not commonly reproduce the reviews of our contemporaries; but in the special circumstances we conceive it to be our duty to set forward at length portions of the *Athenæum's* opinion. The review begins with the assertion that "Mr. Watson's muse comes to us dressed with Augustan grace: all that taste and elaboration can do is done, and in satire, epigram, sonnet, and lyric he shows a distinction which to-day is rare." We will pass over the disgraceful and loose English of these sentences and proceed to the body of the article:—

But although it is the poetry of reaction, the reaction does not go too far, for it is purely one in verbal technique, and not one in spiritual and emotional force. It is not an academic reaction which would drag us back to the mechanical formalism, the polite elegance, and the polished correctness of Pope and Dryden and Gray. The struggle between the formal school which carried correctness to its utmost lengths, and the romantic poets who overthrew the tyranny of the resultant poetic diction, is settled. Poetry cannot be forced again to wear the old chains, for it would be impossible to build up another canon of artificial correctness and arbitrary exactitude. It is curious that no contemporary poet ventures to resuscitate the heroic couplet, for it is really a fine vehicle for mundane verse; but the prejudice against it is so strong that our poets are afraid to experiment with it, knowing that they would have to overcome the tradition which relegates its practitioners to the lower slopes of Parnassus. This is a pity, for there ought to be scope for every variety

of poetic energy, and in our cynical society the dearth of witty, ironical, and satirical verse is serious. Our poets are drawn from one dwindling tribe—the tribe of romantic rhymesters. As a Shelley, a Keats, a Tennyson, a Swinburne, and a Rossetti are far rarer than a Churchill, a Pope, a Dryden, or even a Byron, the ban placed upon mundane verse produces a grave failure of the homelier poetic crops. Mr. Watson's revolt against preciosity may therefore do something to widen the scope of poetry, and make it more universal in its sweep.

It is rash on the part of Mr. Watson to pin his faith to form, for he exposes his work to a severe test. Probably that is the explanation of his frugality. It is a long time since he broke his maturing silence, and we are not surprised to find that these poems are carefully polished. There is not one which does not bear marks of the most cunning craftsmanship. "The Blacksmith" appears to have been thrown off in a careless rapture, but in reality it is the most consummately wrought poem of all, for its art produces that illusion which all artists search for with tears—the illusion of spontaneity. This illusion is secured in the main by the device of the rhymeless ending, and in order to heighten it, the stanzas are printed as quatrains instead of couplets, which they really are:—

"Tis the Tamer of Iron,
Who smites from the prime,
And the song of whose smiting
Hath thundered through time. . . .
And the bars on his anvil,
They struggle and groan
Like a sin being fought with
That's bred in the bone.
But against them he knits his
Invincible thews,
The Wrestler, the Hero,
The Man That Subdues.
As a crag looking down on
The floods in their ire,
He looms through the spray of
His fountains of fire.

The splendour of these stanzas is romantic, for the blacksmith, like Blake's tiger, is transformed into a spiritual symbol. At the first glance, the casual reader, misled by the apparent triteness of the theme, might be disposed to class "The Blacksmith" with "The Village Blacksmith." But the gulf between the commonplace of Longfellow and the lyrical strength of Mr. Watson is as great as the gulf between Blake's "tiger burning bright" and Dr. Watts's "busy bee." The one is platitude; the other is poetry.

In short, Mr. Watson is a poetic artist who knows how to control and shape his own imaginative energy. For instance, note the loss in apparent spontaneity which the printing of these stanzas in couplets would entail:—

"As a crag looking down on the floods in their ire,
He looms through the spray of his fountains of fire."

Here the magical effect of the unrhymed line is lost, and the beat of the verse becomes mechanical. Another point worthy of remark is the fine use of the hackneyed word "looms." Probably no word has been more abused by the journalist, yet the poet with one sure stroke restores its power. It is not only the just word: it is the only possible word. . . .

In many of these poems there is a Tennysonian flavour delightful to scholars who rejoice in the continuity of the poetic tradition. "Hate," for example, has all the haughty pride of the old-fashioned insular English temper as well as its passionate devotion to liberty. There is also a Tennysonian gusto in the "Tavern Song," which is in some respects the most original and spontaneous poem in the volume. Its conviviality is not spurious, as most poetic conviviality

is apt to be. Nor is it literary conviviality, a depressing form of insincerity. It is a true survival of the old English spirit; it is free from the pseudo-philosophy of the pseudo-Omarian; and it comes straight from the poet's heart. The grudge which men of the world bear against poets is that they are out of touch with the warm reality of life, and we fear that our poets do their best to exacerbate this natural and healthy prejudice. Mr. Watson wisely comes out of the clouds into the jovial atmosphere of the average, sensual man, and by so doing restores the old healthy comradeship between the muse and humanity. The manly note is not too common in modern verse, and we are glad that Mr. Watson has the courage to strike it boldly in an effeminate age which sneers at the capacities of bigger and sounder men.

So much for the *Athenæum*. We submit that no lover of poetry can peruse the foregoing excerpts without the gravest qualms. In an article which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* synchronously with the *Athenæum* review we condemned Mr. Watson's "Blacksmith" for an uninspired and ill-considered piece of work, and we quoted from it lines which on the face of them are little removed from absolute doggerel. Our quotation commenced as the *Athenæum*'s quotation commences:—

"Tis the Tamer of Iron,
Who smites from the prime,
And the song of whose smiting
Hath thundered through time."

After this the *Athenæum* reviewer deftly obliges with three full stops. We, for our part, continued with the two stanzas which actually follow. Here they are again, like the clown in the pantomime:—

"Like a mighty Enchanter,
'Mid demons he stands—
'Mid Terrors infernal,
The slaves of his hands.
"As a pine-bough in winter,
All fringed with wild hair,
His arm, too, is shaggy,
His arm, too, is bare."

This we pronounce to be unmitigated and incorrigible doggerel. The *Athenæum* would have us believe that it is "consummately wrought," and that while "the casual reader, misled by the apparent triteness of the theme, might be disposed to class 'The Blacksmith' with 'The Village Blacksmith' . . . the gulf between the commonplace of Longfellow and the lyrical strength of Mr. Watson is as great as the gulf between Blake's 'tiger burning bright' and Dr. Watts's 'busy bee.'" "The one," says our contemporary emphatically, "is platitude, the other is poetry." We do not keep a Longfellow at hand, but if we remember rightly Longfellow's allusion to the blacksmith's arms runs:—

"The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

We do not say that in this stanza Longfellow gives us great poetry. At the same time, what he has given us is simple and direct, and we contend that even if it be considered only as a plain statement in plain English it is a good deal better than:—

"His arm, too is shaggy,
His arm, too, is bare."

And if the *Athenæum* reviewer is disposed to contend, as he does contend, that Mr. Watson's lines are the result of "cunning craftsmanship" and "consummate polish" rather than of dulness and incapacity and a plain lack of power, he has no right in the world to suggest that his argument does not apply with equal force to the "commonplace" of Longfellow. We are not defending Longfellow, and we do not desire to add severity to our judgment of Mr. Watson. But we say that criticism is coming to a pretty pass when the *Athenæum*, which is supposed to be the highest critical authority in the country, ventures brazenly upon pronouncements of this kind. The *Athenæum* proceeds, as foolish journals will, to beg the

whole question, and to discover itself for the merest puffing journal, when it calls particular attention to the last two lines of its own quotation. "Note," cries Mr. Rendall's egregious reviewer, "the loss in apparent spontaneity which the printing of these stanzas in couplets would entail:—

'As a crag looking down on the floods in their ire,
He looms through the spray of his fountains of fire.'

Here the magical effect of the unrhymed line is lost, and the beat of the verse becomes mechanical." We entirely agree as to "mechanical," but we deny utterly that there is any "magical effect" in the unrhymed lines, the effect being rather tiresome and annoying in the extreme. Our contemporary goes on to beg of us to admire "the fine use of the hackneyed word 'looms.'" "Probably no word," he says, "has been more abused by the journalist, yet the poet with one sure stroke restores its power." We say that Mr. Watson's use of the word is no whit the finer than the common hackneyed journalistic use. The *Athenæum* might just as well fall into raptures before Dr. Watts's fine "use" of the word "busy" before the word "bee." It may be that the "busy bee" was known to fame for ages before Dr. Watts began to warble. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that Dr. Watts appropriated "busy" in front of "bee" to himself, and that it will live in the language (and the nurseries) for many a solid century which will have no knowledge of Mr. Watson's looming blacksmith. And as for comparing Mr. Watson's alleged subtle innocencies with the spiritual spontaneities of Blake, the *Athenæum* degrades literature and degrades itself when it attempts such a work. We shall now call the careful attention of the reader to the *Athenæum's* beautiful penans about Mr. Watson's "Tavern Song." It takes up no fewer than thirty-two lines of our contemporary's valuable and exclusive space, and Mr. Watson's chorus to this wonderful piece of unblemished "poetic conviviality" couched in "the old English spirit" and "free from the pseudo-philosophy of the pseudo-Omarian," runs:—

"Then hey! for a bottle, then ho! for a bottle,
Sing ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin;
And it's hey! for a tankard, a tankard, a tankard,
And ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn."

The *Athenæum* is careful not to quote from the "Tavern Song," and we can well understand its care.

We have read and re-read our contemporary's criticism in the hope of convincing ourselves as to its sincerity and as to its justness; and we are unable to convince ourselves of either. We assert roundly that as the review stands it might appear to have been written by a critic who approached Mr. Watson's volume with the direct intention to discover absolutely the worst and least commendable portions of it, and to commend, praise, and extol them, to the detriment of letters and to the hoodwinking of the literary public. The *Athenæum's* praise of Mr. Watson's "Blacksmith" would apply with just as much completeness and justness to Mr. T. E. Dunville's inspired vaudeville representation of the "Posiman":

"Walk, walk, twenty miles a day,
Walk, walk, I wear my feet away,
Passing round the houses with my rat-tat-tat,
Reg'lar as the old church clock,
No wonder that the postman's knees
Go knock, knock, knock, knock."

This the *Athenæum* reviewer might well contend "appears to have been thrown off in a careless rapture," but "in reality it is most consummately wrought"; for its art produces that illusion which all artists search for with tears—the illusion of spontaneity. The *Athenæum* reviewer might go further, and assert that as a matter of mere onomatopœia Mr. Dunville's ravishing "knock, knock, knock, knock" was a piece of "consummate art." And when we come to "Hey! for a tankard, and ho! for a tankard," we can only assert that if it be the sort of conviviality which we have a right to expect from a poet, and if it bring us properly "into the jovial atmosphere of the average sensual man, and by so doing restores the whole healthy comradeship between the

muse and humanity," so equally and in an even more pronounced degree, does

"Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pots hold more,
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss—
Come to the pub next door."

There is no pseudo-Omarian nonsense about these lines. They come straight from the doggerel-monger's decent beer-loving heart, which is an undivided heart, and set utterly and entirely on beer, and thereby has the distinct advantage over Mr. Watson's heart, which demands a bottle of wine from the bin with one beat and a tankard of ale at the inn with the next. The *Athenæum* will really have to buy up and incorporate with itself the *Publishers' Circular*, and in saying this much we wish it clearly to be understood that we have never discovered in the *Publishers' Circular* reviewing which was not infinitely more creditable than this review of Mr. Watson's "New Poems" which has appeared in the *Athenæum*.

THE "ACADEMY" AND IMMORAL BOOKS

WE reprint with the greatest satisfaction the following letter which has been addressed by the Circulating Libraries "to the leading London Publishers":—

DEAR SIR,—A meeting of the managers of the principal London circulating libraries has been held to discuss a matter which for some time past has been causing annoyance to their subscribers and inconvenience to themselves.

We refer to the circulation by the libraries of books which are regarded as transgressing the dictates of good taste in subject or treatment. Much undeserved adverse criticism has fallen upon the libraries, who, in their endeavours to avoid giving offence, have repeatedly called in such books from circulation, and, in consequence, have suffered considerable loss. In order to protect our interests, and also, as far as possible, to satisfy the wishes of our clients, we have determined in future that we will not place in circulation any book which, by reason of the personally scandalous, libellous, immoral, or otherwise disagreeable nature of its contents, is, in our opinion, likely to prove offensive to any considerable section of our subscribers. We have, therefore, decided to request that in future you will submit to us copies of all novels, and any books about the character of which there can possibly be any question, at least one clear week before the date of publication. Unless time is given to us to read the books before they are published, it is impossible for us to avoid that annoyance to our subscribers for which we, and not the publishers, are generally held responsible.

We trust that you will not consider that the action we are taking in this matter is in any sense an attempt on our part to become censors, and we hope that you will co-operate with us by informing us that you consent to our request.

Will you kindly address your reply to Mr. E. Winterton, Hon. Secretary, Circulating Libraries' Association, Regent House, Regent Street, W.

Yours faithfully,

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY (LIMITED).

W. H. SMITH AND SON'S LIBRARY.

BOOT'S BOOKLOVERS' LIBRARY.

"THE TIMES" BOOK CLUB.

DAY'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

CAWTHORN AND HUTT (LIMITED).

We also reprint certain remarks on this letter which have been published in the *Standard* newspaper:—

The position which the libraries thus seek to obtain is regarded by representative men in publishing circles as a censorship in reality, despite the disclaimer contained in the letter. Hitherto, the imprint of a great firm on a book was considered quite a sufficient passport, and the question is now asked: Why should

the reputable firms be put through the crucible because of the doubtful publications of "small people who have cropped up and want to make money out of anything"? The libraries, remarked one publisher, have a triple classification something like this:—

- A.—Very nice; strongly recommended.
- B.—Doubtful; cannot make up our minds.
- C.—Black-listed.

An interesting story is being retailed concerning the origin of this move on the part of the libraries. A doubtful book, it is stated, got into the hands of a Cabinet Minister through the medium of a circulating library, and the result was a consultation with one of the law officers, who advised that the best way of dealing with the matter was through the libraries. Hence this concerted action by the Libraries' Association.

There are, of course, two sides to this, as to every case, and many will be found to sympathise with the decision of the libraries to eradicate, so far as possible, suggestive and pernicious fiction. Probably the Association of Publishers will have something to say in the matter.

We also venture further to cull from the *Daily Mail* what purports to be the opinion of that well-known authority on immoral fiction, Mr. John Long, of Norris Street, Haymarket:—

Mr. John Long said yesterday: "I think it is quite reasonable for the libraries to ask that books should be sent to them in advance, for as large purchasers they are entitled to see the goods they wish to buy."

"I object, however, to the dictatorial tone of the circular. It appears from reading it that the libraries propose to say, in effect, to their subscribers, 'You pay us your money, but we will tell you what you must read.' I take exception to the use of the word immoral, for it indicates that the heads of the libraries think a publisher would deliberately issue an improper book. Some books may be classed as suggestive, but after all suggestiveness is entirely a question of environment. A West End clubman or society woman would laugh at the idea that there was anything suggestive in a book which a person living a secluded life might think indelicate."

Mr. John Long is the gentleman who, on the advice of the gentleman who runs The Century Press and is a signatory with Mr. Manning Foster of the company which runs the *Re-Union Magazine*, recently published an obscene book called "The Yoke," which was ultimately stopped by the police, and is also the publisher of "The Hazard of the Die," which has been withdrawn. THE ACADEMY's share in bringing about the aforesaid police intervention and the aforesaid withdrawal will be obvious to our readers. But we shall deal at length with the whole matter in the next issue of this journal. Meanwhile we may explain that we shall not be satisfied even by the appointment of "readers" on the part of the libraries who have signed the above-printed letter. There is no reason to suppose that the reader attached to a library will be less disposed to pass what is undesirable than the reader of a publishing house. The true inwardness of the libraries' revolt has yet to be stated. If it were a revolt based entirely upon considerations of the public interest, it would have occurred years ago. THE ACADEMY has a stock of review copies of indecent books, and the whole question is being sifted by counsel with a view to nailing the real offenders to their respective counters. Provided that a new start is made and that the libraries—and booksellers—exhibit a disposition to remember that considerations of public morality should be placed before considerations of monetary profit, we shall be content with a printed exposé of what has been taking place. But in the event of the appearance, either at the libraries or the bookshops, of further improper works, whether fictional or otherwise, we shall take upon ourselves the burden of as many prosecutions as may be necessary.

REX V. CROSLAND

MANNERS-SUTTON'S AFFIDAVIT. WHERE IS MAGGIE DUPONT?

WHEN the Court at the Old Bailey over which the Common Serjeant presides proceeded, on Monday last, with the case in which Mr. T. W. H. Crosland was indicted for publishing a libel of and concerning the Hon. Henry Frederick Walpole Manners-Sutton, affidavits containing remarkable statements were read.

Mr. Crosland is the author of several well-known books, including "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman," and he is the Assistant-Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Mr. Manners-Sutton is the son and heir of Lord Canterbury. He is a D.L. for the County of Norfolk, a member of the Bachelors' and St. James's Clubs, and senior partner in Cope and Fenwick, Religious Publishers, of 16, Clifford's Inn, who are the publishers of the *Re-union Magazine*.

Mr. Crosland surrendered immediately the case was called. On being called upon to plead by the clerk, he replied, "Not guilty," and added that he pleaded justification.

Mr. G. Elliott, K.C., and Mr. Storrey Deans appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. J. P. Valetta and Mr. Tycho Wing defended.

After a long legal argument, Mr. Valetta asked for an adjournment on the ground that an essential witness, a woman named Maggie Dupont, was missing. Counsel read an affidavit by Mr. Clement Walter Fiennes Clinton, in which the latter said:—

On or about July 19 last, and shortly prior to the first hearing of the summons in this case, I, together with the above-named defendant and Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, attended at the offices of Messrs. Arthur Newton and Co., at 23, Great Marlborough Street, when instructions were given to Mr. Arthur Newton to personally undertake the defence of the defendant. At this interview the filing of a plea of justification was discussed at considerable length, and it was then and there stated in my presence, both by the defendant and Lord A. B. Douglas, that the prosecutor had admitted and boasted to both the defendant and Lord A. B. Douglas that he (the prosecutor) had procured from a school a young virgin named Maggie Dupont for immoral purposes, and that subsequently, upon a threat of proceedings put forward by the said Maggie Dupont, he (the prosecutor) had paid through the said Arthur Newton a sum of £1,000 in order to hush the matter up. The said Arthur Newton then and there admitted this to be the fact, stating that he had acted for the prosecutor and on his behalf settled the matter by a money payment to the girl's father. After the committal of the defendant—viz., on or about September 1, 1909—I was instructed to act in these proceedings as solicitor for the defendant, in the place of the said Arthur Newton and Co., and to place upon the record on behalf of the said defendant a plea of justification. On September 7 I attended at the Central Criminal Court with the defendant when he surrendered. The prosecutor, however, did not appear, and was not represented by counsel. On September 8 a true bill was returned by the grand jury, and, upon the application of counsel for the defendant, nobody appearing for the prosecutor, the

hearing was ordered to stand over until the next sessions. On October 5 the plea of justification was placed upon the record, and as I was advised that it was necessary that the said Maggie Dupont should be called and give evidence on behalf of the defendant, I had an interview with Alfred Webb, the police inspector in charge of the case, and instructed him to endeavour to find her whereabouts and report to me. On October 15, the defendant being unable, owing to temporary illness, to attend at the Court, an application was made by counsel on behalf of the prosecutor that the hearing should be further adjourned until the commencement of the present sittings—viz., on the 16th inst.—and that it should be in the list to be mentioned upon that date. Counsel for the prosecution at the same time stated to the Court that he had reason to believe that the hearing would not then occupy the Court for many minutes. It was within my knowledge that that suggestion had been made with a view to the withdrawal of the prosecution, and I had been informed that it was not the intention of the prosecution to offer any evidence. Pending this further postponement in view of suggested arrangements, I instructed the said Alfred Webb that the attendance of the said Maggie Dupont would, in all probability, not be required. After the adjournment on October 15 I was approached with a view to a settlement of the matters in dispute between the prosecutor and the defendant, and on October 23 last, at the desire of the said Arthur Newton, I called upon him, when the matters arising in these proceedings were discussed. He stated that he was then in correspondence with the prosecutor and was willing to assist in bringing about a settlement. Terms were suggested, but I declined to go into the matter, as I was without instructions from my client. I, however, informed him that under no conditions would the defendant offer any apology; moreover, he would require some compensation for what he had endured. I did not see the said Arthur Newton until on or about November 5, when at an interview at his office he stated that he thought the prosecutor, with whom he had had several recent interviews, would make a payment to compensate the defendant, and also pay his costs of the proceedings.

Terms were discussed, which culminated in a suggestion of the payment of £100 compensation to the defendant, together with £150 agreed costs. The said Arthur Newton expressed an opinion that this was reasonable and stated that he would so advise the prosecutor, whom he would arrange to see on the following Tuesday. On the following Tuesday, viz., on the 9th inst., I received a message to the effect that the prosecutor had not come up to town as expected. On the 11th inst. I again saw the said Arthur Newton, who informed me that the prosecutor now declined to make any money payment. I stated that under these circumstances it would be necessary for me to obtain the attendance of the said Maggie Dupont, to which the said Arthur Newton replied to the effect that he did not think I should ever find her, and from his conversation I understood that he was fully acquainted with her present whereabouts, but that he would render no assistance. I also inferred that she had been removed from London and been sent abroad. After the interview with the said Arthur Newton mentioned in the last paragraph, I forthwith

saw the said Alfred Webb and instructed him to again hunt up the said Maggie Dupont. I did not disclose that I had reason to believe she had gone away, but handed him a subpoena for service upon her. The said Alfred Webb has since reported to me that the said Maggie Dupont has left the country for Philadelphia on or about October 18. I am advised and believe that the defendant cannot safely go to trial in the absence of the said Maggie Dupont, and that she is an essential witness on his behalf.

Mr. Valetta also read an affidavit by Inspector Webb, of Bow Street Police Station, who said:—

On or about October 6 last I had an interview with Clement Walter Fiennes Clinton, the solicitor representing the defendant, and he requested me to endeavour to trace the whereabouts of a girl named Maggie Dupont, and I immediately put the matter in hand, and within the course of a few days discovered that the said Maggie Dupont frequented the streets in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. In due course, on or about October 10, I reported that I was in touch with the girl, and was instructed by the said C. W. F. Clinton to keep her under observation, so as to be in a position to subpoena her upon the trial. On October 15 I again saw the said Clement W. F. Clinton, and he informed me that as he understood no evidence would be offered on behalf of the prosecution there would be no necessity to maintain a strict watch upon the said Maggie Dupont, and I accordingly relaxed my observation. I again saw the said C. W. F. Clinton on the 10th inst., and was then informed by him that the prosecutor was going to proceed, and received instructions to serve the said Maggie Dupont with a subpoena to attend upon the trial. Upon proceeding to serve the subpoena I found that the said Maggie Dupont left London on or about October 17 or 18. I also discovered that she was last seen in the company of a man named Marcella, and was at the time carrying a small travelling basket. I have since been informed that she left the country with Marcella, and travelled with him to Philadelphia, where she now is.

A third affidavit had been made by Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas as follows:—

On October 9 I saw the prosecutor by appointment at the Maid's Head Hotel, Norwich. I then told him it had come to my knowledge that the police were endeavouring to find the whereabouts of the young woman Maggie Dupont, with a view to instituting criminal proceedings against him. He replied that he had nothing to fear, as the girl was out of the country. It is within my own knowledge that the prosecutor came up to London during the early part of the week following October 9. I was present at the interview referred to in paragraph 1 of the affidavit of C. W. F. Clinton, and confirm what is there set forth. In addition, I was fully aware of the circumstances in which Mr. Arthur Newton, acting for the prosecutor, paid a sum of money to the father of Maggie Dupont, as mentioned in such paragraph.

Mr. Valetta said the Court would see it was necessary that Maggie Dupont should be produced in that Court in support of the plea of justification.

The Common Serjeant asked if it was not possible to have the girl's father at the Court.

Mr. Valetta replied that he also was abroad, but the proper witness was the girl herself.

The Common Serjeant suggested the presence of Mr. Arthur Newton.

Mr. Valetta said he believed Mr. Newton was going to plead professional privilege.

The Common Serjeant: If the girl came back, would she be a willing witness?

Mr. Valetta: There is no reason to believe that she would not be.

Mr. Elliott: Judging from my friend's affidavits, there does not seem the slightest chance of her coming back.

Mr. Valetta said the girl had been written to at Philadelphia to come back. In the course of the next four weeks they would be able to say whether or no she would attend and give evidence.

The Common Serjeant: Is it the suggestion that she has been spirited away?

Mr. Valetta: That is so. It is of no use burking the question. We say that Mr. Manners-Sutton has spirited her away with the aid of another gentleman.

The Common Serjeant: She must have been in a state of mind to go, and if she is still in that mind she might say, if you got her back, that she knows nothing. But the affidavits show she would be a witness on material facts.

AFFIDAVIT IN DEFENCE.

Mr. Elliott strongly opposed the application. "The statements contained in the affidavits," he added, "are strenuously denied by Mr. Manners-Sutton."

Mr. Valetta: I have received no affidavit from Mr. Manners-Sutton.

Mr. Elliott said he could explain the reason. The affidavits on the defendant's side had not been received until late on Thursday night, and, as Mr. Manners-Sutton lived in the country, about ten miles from Norwich, he could not be so readily communicated with as a gentleman who lived in town, and consequently his affidavit was received only early that morning, and was handed into court at once. Counsel then proceeded to read an affidavit in which Mr. William Drummond Williken, solicitor for Mr. Manners-Sutton, said that to the best of his knowledge and belief he did not think that Maggie Dupont was likely to return to England, and that even if she did she would not be an essential witness on behalf of Mr. Crosland.

"That counts for nothing," the judge remarked.

"He denies absolutely," Mr. Elliott declared, "that Mr. Arthur Newton has been connected with Mr. Manners-Sutton in this case."

"Nobody says he has," the judge retorted.

"Yes," Mr. Elliott argued, "it is suggested that he is connected with Mr. Manners-Sutton in spiriting Maggie Dupont away."

Mr. Elliott also read the following affidavit by Mr. Manners-Sutton:—

I am the prosecutor herein. I have read what purport to be copies of the affidavits of Clement W. F. Clinton, Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, Alfred Webb, and William Drummond Williken, sworn herein. I confirm the said affidavit of the said W. D. Williken. In reply to the first part of the said affidavit of the said C. W. F. Clinton, I say that it is untrue that I ever admitted or boasted as therein set out. I am

informed and believe that the said Maggie Dupont referred to is a woman of the town. As to paragraph 3 of the said affidavit of C. W. F. Clinton, I say that I was not present at the September Sessions because I did not know that the case could be tried then. My solicitor had informed me that a plea of justification was to be filed, and that, in consequence, there would be no hearing until the October Sessions. I attended the October Sessions, and was ready to proceed, but the defendant was unable to appear through ill-health, and on a doctor's certificate being produced the case was adjourned to the present sessions. As to paragraph 5 of the said affidavit of the said C. W. F. Clinton, I say that it was suggested to me by Lord A. B. Douglas, who came to see me at Norwich for the purpose by his appointment, that I should withdraw from the prosecution; but I definitely told him that I would only do so on the plea of justification being withdrawn, the defendant apologising and paying my costs. Subsequently Mr. Arthur Newton, who appeared for the defendant and cross-examined me at Bow Street, telegraphed to me and asked me to go and see him immediately. I replied that I should be in London in the course of the week, and would call on him. I saw Mr. A. Newton within about ten days in London, and I repeated to him the terms I had stated to the said Lord A. B. Douglas, except that I said I would probably not enforce the payment of costs. Prior to seeing the said A. Newton my solicitors, Messrs. Thompson, Williken, and Mattingley, had informed me that certain proposals had been made to them by the said C. W. F. Clinton and had been agreed upon subject to my approval. The said terms had been reduced to writing and a duplicate made, one of the documents being initialled by my solicitors and the other by the said C. W. F. Clinton. The paper writing now produced to me and marked "M.S." is the document initialled by the said C. W. F. Clinton. I informed my solicitors that I agreed to the said terms, but they subsequently informed me that the said C. W. F. Clinton had been unable to persuade his client, the defendant, to apologise, but that otherwise the terms could be agreed. When I saw the said A. Newton I was determined that the suggested terms of the settlement contained in the said paper were the least that I would accept. I emphatically deny that I have ever instructed the said A. Newton to act for me in this matter at all or to make any offer of money to the defendant. It is manifest that I could not have done so, as at the time I was not only unwilling to take any such course, but had even rejected the offer of the defendant to withdraw his plea of justification unless it were accompanied by an apology. As to the whereabouts of the person whom it is alleged the defendant desires to call as a witness, if it is intended to suggest that I have had any hand in "removing" her from the jurisdiction of the Court or inducing her to conceal her whereabouts, such suggestions I declare to be totally untrue and without any foundation. If the said A. Newton has endeavoured (as is alleged by the said affidavit of the said C. W. F. Clinton) in any way to effect a settlement of this matter, he has done so because he acted as my solicitor on several occasions, and I was introduced to him as a client by the said Lord A. B. Douglas, but I have no knowledge that he did so. In reference to the affidavit of the said Lord A. B. Douglas, I confirm paragraph 5

of the affidavit of the said W. D. Williken, and say that I never said that "I had nothing to fear, as the girl was out of the country." In fact, I did not know then nor do I know now anything concerning her whereabouts.

NO DENIAL.

The judge remarked that he did not see any denial that Mr. Manners-Sutton paid Dupont's father £1,000 to hush up the claim in respect of his conduct with her.

Mr. Elliott: There is no denial, nor will there be a denial.

Mr. Valetta pointed out that during the whole of these proceedings Mr. Crosland had never made proposals for settlement, and had refused absolutely to apologise or to withdraw his plea of justification.

Mr. Elliott said that he admitted that was so, and he wished Mr. Crosland to understand that, in spite of Mr. Manners-Sutton's affidavit, no suggestions of the kind were intended to be made.

The Common Serjeant said it would be very unsatisfactory for the trial to take place when both parties were not ready, and the matter was the more serious by the suggested arrangement of which they had heard.

Ultimately the hearing was adjourned until the February sessions.

REVIEWS

THE RESURRECTION AND AFTER

The Resurrection of Judgment. By WILLIAM RICHARD SAVAGE, M.A. (London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd. 5s. net.)

THIS book partly consists of an eloquent and earnest apology for the old ideas concerning Heaven and Hell; but, apart from its eloquence and religious conviction, which may seem sound enough to the pure and simple-minded, its arguments are too superficial to have any serious effect on practical minds.

These latter look for more than a mere apologia in respect to historical statements, and seeing that it is mainly for the benefit of the sceptics that such books as this are written, Mr. Savage would have done better had he trusted more to a logical and less to a literal translation of Holy Writ, which is by no means to be endangered by any sound uniformity being made of it.

Such a uniformity can never be mixed up with any anthropomorphic or human formula, for, even whilst he scorns Rationalism, Mr. Savage is himself entrapped by his ideas; but it must be an absolutely logical uniformity, or, in other words, Heaven and Hell must be so discussed as to give positive and not merely negative fact.

Is there, for instance, no Divine as well as historical form of the Word (Bible)? If there is, such a form must be the one in which the actual proofs of Heaven and Hell are to be found. The anthropomorphic or human formation of the Word, which is Mr. Savage's ground of interpretation of it, might be all-sufficient if there were merely simple-minded or ignorant people to instruct and enlighten; but Mr. Savage must surely be aware of the fact that in this

twentieth century of the Christian era there are no simple-minded or ignorant folks to be found, except in those out-of-the-way corners of the earth which are still in a state of rude existence. We have, of course, our own opinions with respect to such a grand or sweeping assumption of knowledge on the part of the "civilised" and "educated" individual of the present day; but we believe it would be futile in the face of it to dispute it. His simplicity, from baptism upwards, has been tutored, or rather tortured, by some kind of Christian or religious ideal, which, if it has nothing to do with his earthly existence, appears to have some kind of connection with his heavenly existence. Idealism has always made a radical distinction between earth and heaven. You may, if you like, play the devil upon earth, but it is a foregone conclusion that you have to play the saint in heaven. A man's Primitive Methodism, Congregationalism, or Wesleyanism supplies him with distinct earthly privileges as well as heavenly ones, so that one purely ignorant of such historic differences might well be excused for wondering whether the Heaven of Methodism and the Hell of Congregationalism were one and the same.

Even Mr. Savage, we think, must agree with us, in respect to the many paradoxical Heavens and paradoxical Hells with which the historic anthropomorphic forms of Christianity are associated. Surely there must be some impersonal basis of the Word where we can be certain of discovering not merely paradoxical forms of Christ's Resurrection, but the God Form of it?

Such a universal source will not only prove Christ's Heaven and Christ's Hell to be the true Heaven and the true Hell (and we all know where He said they existed), but it will also prove all other forms of them to be false forms, including, of course, our author's. For, although he maintains a physical resurrection to be the Christ (Heaven and Hell) basis of our own, he maintains it on anthropomorphic evidence, when, as we all know, it is this very anthropomorphic or human source of connection with a physical or real Heaven and Hell which so persistently calls for physical proof. Bring forward this grand proof, and the fact of Christ's Resurrection (permanence of the Idea or Word), together with the Christ forms of reward and punishment (the true Heaven and true Hell), are really exposed.

"But," say the scientists, in their present impotence, "we can discover no permanent form of life, because we can discover no organic difference in matter." They can discover organic difference in material action, and those dangerous idealists, the microscopists, would have us believe it was a material (inorganic) difference instead of an organic difference. But they, poor souls, are in a hard and fast fix, since they can procure no evidence with respect to the ultimate or material loss of energy. Then the philosophers on their side, say: "We can discover no logical beginning or end to consciousness, because we can discover no conscious difference of subjection."

They can discover a conscious difference of objection, and your rationalists would have us believe it was a positive instead of a negative difference of consciousness if they could only give evidence of the ultimate (physical form), as apart from the ideal form, of the will, which they cannot.

But, in the face of all such difficulties, is it really necessary to discover the absolute character (ultimate synthesis) of life or the logical unity of sense in order to prove that we are all absolutely and not merely relatively subjective to it?

Is it not, as every man of science knows, or ought to

know, by our common or physical consciousness, and not by our relative or personal consciousness, that we are subjective to life?

Particular organisms of life can be exterminated, they have been exterminated, but the common organisation or universal basis of life is permanent—absolute.

What is the universal basis? For if we desire to find the true source, and establish the grand truth, of the Resurrection, we must look for it, not in the particular, which is subject to extermination or death, but in the common or universal, which is subject to permanence—immortality. Where, then, is this Almighty ground of life or consciousness which is subject to Eternal Life? Not, of course, in that common ground which, as science discovers, is subject to Eternal negation, viz., the nebula or soma, but in the common ground which, as consciousness itself discovers, is subject to Divine reality—the Idea or Word.

Here, as the Bible and history have repeatedly taught us, is the true source of the Resurrection or Man's permanent existence. Science proves to us that there is no such fact as an ideal form of life. Thus the creation or organic formation of the world was not the Bible form, which was man's formula of creation, but God's form of creation, namely, a universal or, as science puts it, evolutionary process.

And what does his personal, objective, or ideal existence produce when it acts in opposition to his subjective or God-directed sense? Simply the destruction or crucifixion of his God-directed sense, namely, the overthrow of his idea of God (goodness) and immortality.

The Crucifixion of the Christ was not a physical one, but a human sin, contained in the reflection of the Idea of His God-head. It was impossible to destroy Christ physically; that is, actually. Death, as Christ said Himself, was Man's choice, since it was an absolute (physical) rejection on his part to accept Him (the Ideal) of Eternal Life.

Thus Man's objective, which is wholly anthropomorphic or evil (selfish) in form, has always been the source of his suffering and degradation (Hell); whilst his subjective, which is wholly godly or unselfish in form, has always been the source of his peace and consolation (Heaven). The Resurrection is therefore not an actual Resurrection, seeing that Christ did not, and could not, really die, but it is an ideal act, an attempt on the part of God to unite Himself with Man and save him from self-destruction.

If God possessed a selfish or anthropomorphic form of consciousness the same as we, His creatures, do, what chances would our own self desires have? In the first place, He would never have created Man to share His Godliness (goodness). In the second place, the world would never have come into existence, since God, in His anthropomorphic (selfish) Ideality, would have kept Heaven (His own Substance of Goodness) all to Himself.

Do, then, let us have some sort of profound reasoning when books are written on such stupendous subjects as those dealt with in the present volume. Genius in this age of gross materialism is absolutely starved out or ignominiously deprived of its rights of hearing by the conflicting mass of decadent literature and popular science or philosophy which flood the markets, not to mention the chaos or freedom of ideas which is nourished and fostered by the mercenary instincts of a libertine and imbecile Press.

It is still blindly and cruelly considered that because history possesses such a crimson record of the glorious self-sacrifices of men of genius that good work and barbarous treatment should walk hand-in-hand. No such thing is, or can ever be, established on a sound logical basis.

Nations are always brought to a point of distress because of such a principle. We are far from needing at the present time books to create confusion or controversy. We are needing books that will break the neck of your controversialist and settle him, if not for ever, at least for a hundred years or so. We shall then get that glorious Renaissance of Poetry and Religion.

Why is England decadent? Because her religion, her morality, her Government, her education, together with

her science, art, literature, drama, and popular guide or Press are all in the hands of decadents—persons mostly incapable of wielding the high powers they possess. Hence the country is demoralised by charlatans, tub-thumpers, time-servers, place-seekers, money-grubbers; in fact, there is no end to this vile category which has sprung from a self-infatuated, self-governed, and half-educated democracy. The knife must needs be sharp which is to deal with such an ugly growth of corruption and social freedom.

There are even leaders of the people, aye, leaders of the Holy Catholic Church, too, who realise the shocking state of affairs, and who, if they only possessed the nobility and courage to raise their voices could bring some sort of a moral check upon the mad hubbub which is hastening the country to an impulse of suicide. But, honour, patriotism, and every high and noble quality which tends towards conserving a great nation appear to be lacking.

England in the making was a religious England, and she owes her present deplorable condition to vain Socialistic ideals, crack-brained Utopian dreams. Human ideals, whether Socialistic or otherwise, by virtue of their selfishness, will never cure human ills.

There is only one form of idealism which Man can safely build upon—the Christ-idea.

England has become idolatrous—she has virtually forsaken the old Catholic Faith. When she comes back to it she will once more be sane.

The Resurrection will have saved her. This is why such a book as this needed to be an actual instead of a mythological interpretation, since the actual is grounded upon a real and not upon an ideal state of permanence.

Heaven is not to be found in our physical objection to God, viz., in Self. And it is mainly because there is no physical or God-sense of Self that such Self ultimates, as Heaven and Hell are not believed in, and Sin, the Self object, continues. They nevertheless exist in the subliminal consciousness, viz., in our physical subjection to God and Self (Good and Evil). And they are no less real facts for being ideal facts (subject to our own choice). For if there is no such thing as death, which science proves by the fact of the Conservation of Energy and Nature proves in a universal form, how can Heaven and Hell be objective to our earthly life?

They are subject to our physical experience. The former is known by self-subjection (self-conscious sense of unity), the latter is known by self-objection (self-conscious sense of discord).

Man persistently imagines there is a real or vital distinction to be made between the two—that one belongs to God and the other to the Devil.

The difference, however, is his own creation, since God made Man in His Own Image—as a self-conscious unity and not as a self-conscious object, and his physical organisation proves it. If his ideal objection is opposed to his real subjection he suffers from what he creates. Where the object of his ideality fits the subject of his reality, he becomes a self-conscious unity, and suffers no ills. It should be quite plain to him from this why Christ means Heaven and Self means Hell.

"No man," said Jesus, "can serve two masters." Heaven and Hell, therefore, are both self-conscious forms of subjection, and not self-conscious forms of objection, or, as this book has attempted to argue, negative forms of ideality. As Divine forms of reward and punishment they are self-willed and therefore Divinely just forms.

This should remove the difficulty which Mr. Savage creates by stating a case of a "gentle soul" who died without the pale of the Church.

Mr. Savage, in this way, raises the question as to whether he is to be everlastingly damned.

Christ Himself virtually answered the question when He said that He came not for the sake of the righteous but to call sinners to repentance.

Now, as Eternity is the ultimate of the subject, so the subject is the ultimate of Eternity. There is no other ultimate but a self-ultimate.

The "gentle soul" therefore, who is so good as to possess no self-ultimate, lives, whether he knows it or not, in Christ. Socrates was a Christian in this absolute sense.

On the other hand, the "gentle soul" who happens to have a self-ultimate, will, by virtue of the Eternal or God-consciousness of existence, always have the Divine fire for purification. In this manner it depends entirely upon the "gentle soul" how long he exists in his selfish objection to an Eternal Unity or God-head.

Place and time are wholly irrelevant to the life eternal:

DE PROFUNDIS

The Outlook of the Soul. By Canon W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A. (London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume of sermons affords a striking contrast to Mr. Savage's book, for whilst its purpose may virtually be held to be similar, the treatment is distinctly dissimilar. There are no philosophical vanities here, no objective confliction or confusion on the part of the author. Instead, we get the strong, deep, spiritual cry of the groping soul, whose outlook is the straight but narrow way, where thorns and rocks and steep inclines abound, where labour and sorrow meet, but where simple faith in the ultimate goal is never once sacrificed to artful, because selfish, desires. For instance, Canon Knox Little has no difficulties to contend with as far as the real source of chaos is concerned. There is no need for him to look elsewhere than in earthly experience in order to find the place of Darkness, Sin, and Horror. The unity of his self-objection to self is positive proof. Thus we find him continually struggling through its dreadful atmosphere of gloomy confliction towards the unselfish objection (God unity), which is the source of his self-subjective experience (desire for self-pacification).

There is, indeed, a Christ element throughout the whole of the volume, which produces a radiation of that inward and spiritually Divine Light which alone can conquer the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, or, in other words, all self-conscious objects. In his beautiful sermon on the "Outlook of the Soul" we are made to realise the source of that "instinctive confidence" through which Socrates was able to anticipate the Christ fact of a Divine, as apart from an ideal or self basis of immortality or permanence.

As Canon Knox Little himself puts it: "Though Socrates was wanting in the instruction of direct Christian revelation, he was not wanting (in the incomparable death scene of the 'Phædo') in the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

How, therefore, are we to account for the incompetency which exists in the Christian Church itself to reach even to a Socratic (instinctive) knowledge of Christ's perfection or immortal character?

The answer to this question is plain enough.

If Socrates realised, apart from any knowledge of Christ, that state of perfection which people (Christians) of the present day find it impossible to realise, even with the fact of Christianity before them, then the real basis of Christ's resurrection or Divine transcendence cannot be a sectarian or separating ground of sacramental glorification, but a catholic, real, universal, or physical ground of unity.

It is only by one body and blood consciousness of the Christ, which, of course, was the "instinctive" form of the Socratic Christian revelation, that we can reach to that state of perfect transcendence—immortal sanotification—which unites us with God.

It is because of his subjective ground to the labouring and sorrowing self that Canon Knox Little is able to realise the ultimate or Christ goal of the suffering or objective soul's outlook. He gets a glimmering of the Christ who still lives. On this account he is truly a safe and lovable leader for other suffering souls who seek not an ideal but a real Kingdom of Heaven.

FOUR BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Three Fair Maids. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)

THREE penniless Irish girls, whose property has become valueless owing to the operations of the Land League, decide to receive "paying guests" at Ardeelish, the house in which they have lived since their father's disinheritance obliged them to give up their house, Derrymore. They naturally prefer hotel-keeping to "huddling in homes for decayed gentlewomen." Lady Burke is at first averse to the scheme, but consoles herself by trying to shut her eyes and imagine "she is entertaining the county." As they do not wish to "drag their father's name in the dust," they assume the name of Franklin, and by so doing are able to entertain a rich uncle unawares. Uncle Peter Burton makes the eldest girl his heiress, and eventually the two girls meet their fates through the "paying guests." Indeed they "become too prosperous; it is almost vulgar." No less than six marriages are made in the book, and as one of the characters remarks, "if it occurred in a novel instead of in real life people would say that it was rather stretching the probabilities."

Meg's Fortune. By EMILY PEARSON FINNEMORE. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)

THIS is the kind of novel that runs through parish magazines. Australian Jim is described as a "nasty toad and a gaol-bird"; at any rate, he is the grandson of Jim Wynett, who had been transported to Australia. Before the old man dies he confesses that he has in his youth stolen and hidden in a gully on a moor in England twenty thousand pounds in a leather bag. He urges his grandson to find the money and restore it to a descendant of the rightful owner. "Australian Jim," who fails to win the heiress, is drowned in an attempt to recover the money. Afterwards a map of the treasure is found, and search is again made by the heiress's relations. The bag is discovered, but within it only a heap of débris that had evidently been paper, the shreds of a mouse's nest—"a mouse's nest that cost twenty thousand pounds to build must be the only one in the world," and is, at any rate, unique in fiction. So Meg's "fortune" is to marry a penniless man, a fortune with which she is well content.

Barbara Bellamy. By MAY BALDWIN. (Chambers. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a harmless story for school-girls. Barbara Bellamy has been brought up in solitude in an old country house by her grandfather, a scholarly and eccentric gentleman, who gives her an excellent grounding in five languages. She sees no one, and is not permitted to speak to the servants, and her speech is pure but pompous English. The vicar's wife, by diplomacy, induces Sir Hugh Bellamy to send the girl to a girls' public school, where she causes some sensation by the firm way she deals with a mad dog (a somewhat unusual episode, to-day!), and by the literal way in which she takes modern colloquialisms and figures of speech. It is not very probable, if probability is to be considered in fiction for girls, that even a well-taught girl of fourteen should translate Virgil at sight into English blank verse.

The Attic Boarders. By RAYMOND JACBERNS. (Chambers. 3s. 6d.)

THE "Attic Boarders" is a "healthy" story of children and dogs, for children. The "Attic Boarders" are dogs, who are received at 4s. a week in the attics of a "dear tumble-down rectory," where poverty reigns. The tragedy of the book is the theft of a valuable collie among the boarders, but the dog is returned to the rectory by a grateful burglar, and later on wins a championship over no less than four full champions at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace.

THE CHARM OF THE GROTESQUE

IN the temple of things-that-make-wonderful-the-world, there is a white and secret shrine wherein the spirit of beauty sits for ever veiled, but the ways of the temple are so intricate, the shrines so many, and the carved splendours thereof so enthrall the wanderer, that only by long seeking and burning desire to find shall he ever come to the hidden shrine of that implacable goddess; but so coming, he shall almost inevitably enjoy also the wonder of that second shrine, glimmering near at hand out of the darkness—a strange place, not adorned with any marvel nor made shadowy with mysteries dedicate to the grotesque.

Certainly it is true that only they who serve beauty may fully appreciate the charm of grotesqueness, for its delight is essentially a faint and elusive thing. We grow very weary of mere ordered beauty of curve and line; the curse of prettiness impends above that ideal, even as the twin curses of absurdity and unmeaning ugliness lurk for ever about the dwelling of the true grotesque.

A splendid cathedral, rearing skyward its proud pinnacles, majestical, dominating, austere, yet finds respite from its aloofness that else were too cold for beauty, by reason of the leering monsters, the fantastical forms of man and beast that start away from soaring turrets, that, grimacing, encircle in lithe and serpentine folds every subtle stone tracery, delicate as gossamer.

Our wisdom pleases to think these delightful conceits invented for the alarming of evil spirits; but the craftsman whose patient hand found its chiefest joy in the moulding of bizarre creatures, divined in spirit their ultimate end, which was not so much the confounding of devils as the delight of man.

There is no beauty save in contrast; unless the brain retain a certain wearied memory of clashing colours, the beauty of monotone cannot be perceived; for those in whose natural surroundings the grey tones predominate, the perfection of desire lies precisely in the crude virility of those violent and jarring lights from whose very memory our hypercritical senses recoil distressfully.

The grotesque, indeed, is the exaggeration of beauty, and being in turn accentuated, becomes the irredeemably hideous. Neither the grotesque nor the beautiful can be other than relative terms; for that which in one people excites to laughter by reason of its incongruity will to a people of an earlier period of mental evolution appear as a satisfying ideal of beauty. Wherefore this theme is forever arguable, and can only be tentatively employed upon the elucidation of an individual point of view. That which is not, in a strictly classic sense, beautiful must yet excite a definite impulse of æsthetic pleasure, for otherwise it cannot be art. The pleasantly grotesque, then, must conform to unwritten laws of unity and proportion to no given standard, but to some unseen, indefinable fiat beyond which there is no perfect art, but only meaningless distortions. In short, the fine grotesque must be the invention of an artist. In all the world there are no grotesques so delightful as those wherewith Japan and China have for countless ages made marvellous their nations. Here, it seems, we touch upon a central link in that very subtle chain of obscure reasons which connect a love of beauty with a love of the grotesque and the peculiar attainment of beauty with a singular perfection of achievement in the realm of the bizarre. For of all nations, surely these Eastern races are the most truly artistic. Flowers and birds in their countries are of strange shapes and wonderful colour,

and man, the destroyer, being gifted with keen artistic perceptions, has refrained from wrecking their wonder; has, instead, fashioned for himself beautiful habitations, with everything decorative pertaining thereto, when, being surrounded by so much perfection, he yearned for the sharp contrast of some hideous thing, and by reason of the extreme development of his power of craftsmanship, his efforts to produce the hideous resulted only in the achievement of the true antithesis of beauty; in fact, the perfect grotesque. So we have those wonderful and charming trifles, the ivory dragons, open-mouthed, with gleaming teeth and claws, every bristling hair defined, the eyes aglow with life, and the whole marvel perhaps no more than four inches high. Only in a fair land, surely, surrounded by visible evidences of beauty, could man have developed that degree of patience which is evidenced in the carving of these infinite interlacing faces; all hideous, all distorted, and the whole grotesque a wonder of beauty by reason of its perfect artistry. There are persons, we believe, to whom the arts of the Japanese make no appeal, who can pass a Netsuké with no second look, nor ever stay to take delight in the delicate numberless strokes that build up some picture of that which never had a like on earth; that is, no less, the revealer of an endless truth, that the imagination of the true artist can produce that which is more desirable than a cold portrayal of reality, but which, because of its fantastical and arabesque conception, we agree to call grotesque.

The desire of man to exaggerate causes him to take delight in caricature, but only a proportion of caricatures may arrive at the level of the true grotesque. Many of them are no more than monstrosities, perversions of that which is, not delightful imaginative creations of that which is not. At their highest they appeal to the intellect, where the moulded grotesque appeals mainly to the eyes. Because the charm of a fine caricature depends not seldom upon some subtlety of allusion, some ridiculously apposite impertinence. It is evident that a caricature may be witty and must almost certainly be humorous. Humour alone of these allied qualities is an attribute of the carved grotesque, since the appreciation of wit is necessarily an intellectual process.

The writer who aspires to satisfy his craving for grotesqueness is beset with pitfalls, encompassed with thorns, for if he escape the writing of sheer nonsense he will quite probably stray too far into the region of the bizarre, fall into utter realism, and become sordid. There is no guide by the way; it is always night in the kingdom of the grotesque, and the light on the brow of the writer himself must serve him for moon and stars.

According to the fitfulness or clear brilliance of that flame, which, unhappier than the glow-worm, he cannot kindle at will, depends the strength of his attainment, whether, to take a small instance, he shall achieve the supreme grotesqueness of "Alice in Wonderland," or only the trivial nonsense of the countless moribund children's books that have made vain striving to be found in her peerless company.

In naming a volume "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," Poe found a title quite inadequate to describe the tales within, for scarcely one of them is a true grotesque. The most of these tales are too charged with human emotion, too vivid, too terrible, and there is in them too strong a discipleship of beauty for the title to be warrantable. Not, therefore, are they any the less admirable, only they do not partake wholly of the inmost nature of grotesque. The universality of desire for grotesqueness may be traced in our children's love for gollywogs and weird creatures; we forebore to tell them the old legends of ghosts and ogres wherewith their forefathers learned to realise the majesty of terror. A child's life, we said, should be all beauty, and the children, neglecting their fair puppets, resort to the new strange creatures for solace that their craving for the hideous may be assuaged.

The grotesque must always be remote from life, and must contain an element of weakness. The strong, the massively hideous can never be, in the sense in which our

term is used, a grotesque. That which is ugly may in certain aspects, to certain beholders, or by reason of its unusualness, become desirably fair, and that which is individually hideous become collectively beautiful, as, in some lights and at certain hours, a group of utterly uninspired London architecture, a brick-field, or the gaunt, upstanding lines of a great factory. That these things cannot become grotesques is perhaps because they lack utterly any suggestion of humour. We cannot laugh at hideousness, but it is always possible to laugh with real pleasure, humanly, without mockery, at the fascinating unreality of the true grotesque.

THE PROGRESS OF AUTUMN

THE "fruitful" season of autumn is over, when

The spirits of the air live in the smells
Of fruit, and joy, with pinions light, moves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees,

and the yearly dissolution of leafage is here, the passing away of colour, when we look

Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,
A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten, ancient elms enfold
Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

On the heath the flowerless gorse, with its open, dusty pods, rises in broken, ragged waves of green, and involved with its loose ropes of brambles with their decaying leaves glancing at every movement of the wind. The thorns, ruddy with fruit, are thinned of their leaves, and there is a yellow tinge on the green of the blackthorns. The bracken that fills up all interspaces on the heath is one even brown, and in and out among this breast-high tangle of green and russet are tall white awns of grasses bleached by sun, and crownless thistles, dry and rustling in the wind. From the sallow larches fine needles rain down upon the grass, freckled with the crisp red leaves of the beech; and from the woodland and hedge-row trees' leaves start from their branches like a flock of birds. The forest opens its doors, and within the sun-spots lie like tufts of scattered plumage of a golden bird between the boles of the firs, and a larger light washes the lichen columns of the oaks and the green-filmed stems of thorns and beeches.

The touch of autumn is, as always, capricious; the maple has shown like fine brass, the thorns have ranged from light yellow to a blackish-red, but these tints so melt into each other that it is hard to separate and name them, "the multitude of complexions which mark the subtle grades of decay reflecting wet lights of such innumerable hues that it is a wonder to think their beauties only a repetition." In the milky distances the oak copses, with each small round-headed tree distinct in colour, show every shade from green to russet. Underneath the bare chestnut the grass is strewn with large leaves and empty husks; the beech-mast darkens the ground beneath the beech.

The cold, dewy shadows stretch from bush to bush; the long shadows follow the peaceful flocks in the valleys, on the side of a ploughed field; the haze of dead leaf on the oaks is the colour of the earth they will renew; while the silver-veined birches shine among the sturdier trees as if the morning rime had not melted from their bark. Every mole-hill in the moist hoof-dinted field has its shadows sharply etched beside it, and the scattered wet leaves shine like silver foil upon the bleached grass of bronze and the purple of the brambles. The whistle of a distant train rises gently as the notes of a flute into the resonant air.

The sloping road fronting the sun is freckled with lustrous, chestnut-coloured beech leaves and black with a drift from the thinned hedge-row thorns and fallen oak leaves. The blue sky is mirrored upon it in pools and

watery furrows, and the bog by the gateway, printed by the feet of sheep, where a cressy brook soaks out near the gate-post, shines like rough silver. Not many weeks ago the bracken was still green, it is now rust-colour; not many weeks ago the hedges had hardly lost a leaf, and now a thousand shafts of light are piercing through them, and the hedge-row ashes are stripped for their struggle with winter. Round the hill the soft-fringed clouds of autumn, tinted with faint colours of flushed smoke and lilac, drift upon the moist sky. The mellowness of autumn is everywhere, in the blue fogs, in the shadows of the hedge and hill, "in the caw of rooks, the peculiar autumn caw of laziness, and full feeding, the sky blue as March between the great masses of cloud, the tinkle of traces as the plough turns, and the silence of the woodland birds."

On the west of the hill the bents are flushed with the sun's sidelong rays, forming a pollen of radiance over the slopes where one tuft of down clinging to a dead grey thistle glows like a globe of light. The treble whistle of the wind on the bents mixes with the deeper note of the wrestling leaves in the hedges below, and with the profound humming, like the notes of an organ, among the pine needles, with the sound of the dry-leaved hissing beech or oak.

Through the benty turf are lifted the fantastic forms of fungus in patches and fairy rings. A few weeks ago there were studs of every colour, soft-fleshed and delicately tinted, orange and sulphur and fire-coloured and grey, shell-like, frilled, and monstrous growths in circles and knots, together with brown and white "Devil's snuff-boxes" that pour their dust, sulphur-coloured or deep olive, when trodden on. Then there were studs of all colours, but to-day, on the hill-pastures, nothing but a few the colour of old wax,

Like the skin and head of a dying man.

The sun, as it floats downward, surrounded by almost invisible skeins and threads of cloud, burns with them in a glowing haze. Above him faint threads of warm, white cloud are drawn like gossamer, motionless and delicate. From the northern hills, already covered with a mist of blue that fades into grey as the sun dips into a belt of vapour, the moon moves upward, thin and pale as a piece of silver dinted with use, and the colour ebbs from all green things.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the ordinary meeting on Tuesday, November 9, Dr. W. C. Unwin, F.R.S., vice-president, in the chair, the papers read were "The Single-Phase Electrification of the Heysham, Morecambe and Lancaster Branch of the Midland Railway," by J. Dalziel and J. Sayers; "The Equipment and Working Results of the Mersey Railway under Steam and under Electric Traction," by J. Shaw, M.Inst.C.E.; and "The Effect of Electrical Operation on the Permanent Way Maintenance of Railways, as illustrated on the Tynemouth branches of the North-Eastern Railway," by C. A. Harrison, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E.

The authors of the first paper state the reasons for the electrification of the Heysham-Morecambe-Lancaster section of the Midland Railway on the single-phase system, showing why the railway company adopted this system as being more probably applicable to their future requirements than the direct-current system hitherto used in this country. They explain that the choice of this particular section of the line for a more or less experimental electrification was partly due to the fact that it could be worked from an existing power-station at Heysham. Though the traffic is light it is long-hour throughout the year, and, consequently, is expensive to work by steam, so that there was scope for saving in working expenses; also the summer

traffic is heavy and liable to congestion, two of the stations being terminals, and there being a considerable local traffic between Morecambe and the third station, Lancaster, which tends to congest the main line trains. A description is then given more or less in detail of the principal parts of the overhead equipment and machinery installed for traction purposes in the power-station, and of the rolling stock.

The author of the second paper presents a comparison of the equipment and working results of the Mersey Railway when worked by steam and by electricity. The railway runs under the River Mersey and joins Liverpool with Birkenhead on the opposite bank. It was opened for traffic as a steam railway in 1886. Owing to many exceptional features connected with this railway the working expenses were always very heavy, and as the difficulty of maintaining efficient ventilation made the railway very unpopular with the travelling public, the revenue was insufficient to make a commercial success of the undertaking. The line suffered severely from the strong competition of the ferry service between Liverpool and Birkenhead, which was owned by the Birkenhead Corporation. The question of adopting a different form of traction was under consideration for many years, and finally, in 1900, the company obtained parliamentary powers to substitute electricity for steam. The work was commenced shortly afterwards, and electric service was inaugurated in May, 1903. The final change was accomplished in a single night, no mixed passenger service being run. The traffic conditions call for a train service of 19½ hours per day, with a peak-load for a few hours in the morning to Liverpool, and another peak-load for a few hours in the evening in the reverse direction. During steam working the peak was met by increasing the number of trains in service, and, under electric working, the peaks are met by increasing the number of cars per train, keeping the interval between the trains constant throughout the day. A number of comparisons of the respective train services are made in the paper, dealing with the weights of trains, mileage, seating capacity, speed, etc.

The third paper deals with certain branches of the North-Eastern Railway, which the company decided in 1903 to work by electric traction. They are known as the "Tynemouth Branches," i.e., from Newcastle to Tynemouth direct and by the riverside line, and also from Newcastle to Tynemouth via Benton and Whitley Bay. The line as electrified was brought into use on July 1, 1904. It is therefore possible to form some idea of the effect of electric traction and the cost of maintenance. The total length of electrified line, including sidings, is 75 miles, and the average distance between the station stops is 1½ miles. The current, at a pressure of 600 volts, is taken direct from the conductor rail by shoes fixed on the electric cars, the return current passing through the track rails which are bonded similarly to the conductor rail. The paper describes the contact shoe, bonding, anchorage for preventing the "creep" of the rails, and the track cable terminals. It also compares the train service under steam and electrical working respectively. Although the train-mileage has nearly doubled, the car-mileage and ton-mileage are slightly less under the new conditions. The paper also deals with the amount of wear on permanent way, which, although greater under electric traction at points and crossings than with steam train working, is only slightly increased on the ordinary running line, either on the straight or on curves. Mention is also made of the methods of inspection of insulators, bonds, and electrical connections, and also the difficulties encountered owing to the presence of snow or ice on the conductor rail, which are overcome by the use of special ice scrapers fixed on the car. Although the pressure is 600 volts, there has not been a fatal accident due to electric shock to any of the company's employees, and serious injury due to shock has been very exceptional, the men being provided with insulated tools, rubber gloves, and mats for their protection. Fatal accidents through shock which have occurred on the electrified lines have, in all cases, been due to trespass.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this society for the present session was held on Wednesday evening, November 17, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. H. Mellish, president, in the chair.

Mr. C. J. P. Cave gave an account of the methods which he employed for observing pilot balloons, which are used for investigating the currents of the upper atmosphere. Two theodolites are used, each at the end of a measured base-line, and observations of the balloon are taken each minute from its start. The readings are subsequently worked out and plotted graphically, when the height, direction, and rate of travel of the balloon during its course are determined. The best time for observing balloons is shortly before sunset, as the sky will be becoming dark when the balloon reaches its greatest height, and being illuminated by direct sunlight will shine like a star. Mr. Cave has seen a balloon burst at a distance of forty miles under these conditions. The rate of ascent of balloons is found to vary considerably near the ground, and in cloudy weather, particularly when there is cumulus cloud, but higher up the rate of ascent remains fairly uniform up to great heights.

Mr. W. Marriott read a paper on the "Registering Balloon Ascents at Gloucester, June 23 and 24, 1909." During the Royal Agricultural Society's recent show the author sent up balloon-sondes with recording instruments on three consecutive days. Two of the meteorographs were found and returned. The balloon on the 23rd fell thirty-seven miles south-east, and that on the 24th fell forty-three miles north of Gloucester. The records showed that the temperature decreased pretty uniformly up to between five and six miles; above that height the temperature increased somewhat and then kept nearly stationary up to the highest point reached by the balloons, about twelve miles. The temperature recorded on the 23rd was higher than that recorded on the 24th, and the point of change, or the so-called "isothermal layer," was about half a mile lower in altitude. This was probably due to the balloon on the 23rd having ascended on the eastern side of the centre of a cyclone, while that on the 24th ascended on the western side of the centre.

A paper on "Winter Temperatures on Mountain Heights," by Mr. W. Piffe Brown, was read by the secretary. In 1867 the author placed a minimum thermometer on the summit of Y Glyder-fach, a mountain near Snowdon, and 3,262 feet above sea-level, and this has been regularly observed at and the lowest winter readings recorded each year. The author gives the readings in full.

Mr. E. Gold also read a paper on "The Semi-Diurnal Variation of Rainfall." The results of his investigation seem to indicate that the upward motion associated with the semi-diurnal variation of pressure is the probable cause of the semi-diurnal variation of rainfall.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is refreshing to see that someone has at last found courage to speak out concerning the tragical farce which has brought such measureless degradation on art, criticism, and on a section of our art teaching. I heartily endorse the whole of Mr. Dunstan Jerome's admirable letter under the above heading, in your issue of November 27, as must every true artist. It is amazing that artists and writers alike should have so timidly allowed things to drift into chaos without a united protest.

Mr. Jerome has given the farcical side of the baneful activities of the New English Art Club, let me give the tragical. When this anti-English-art club first started, it contained a number of accomplished artists; these soon left, the others, with one or two exceptions, seeing no chance of gaining distinction, legitimately took the bold and cynical step of making members of

certain art critics, putting one or more on their council. The feeblest of amateurs were thus raised to the dignity of artists. In return, and to exalt their own position, they boomed the New English Art Club and its friends with coolest effrontery in season and out of season. The evil did not end there; they shamelessly attacked every other form of British art. The Royal Academy, being the principal barrier against the decadence, the chaos and anarchy which Mr. Balfour deplored in his recent Romanes Lecture, was attacked tooth and nail. If the Academy alone had been assailed, it might have been excusable; but its annual exhibitions received sweeping condemnation, thus defaming the works of nearly all our best artists.

The whole business was so transparent that no editor could help seeing through it; yet a number of them allowed this unparalleled degradation to be brought on the section of the Press under their charge. The effect in the art world has been most disastrous; this New "Criticism," which it would be flattery to call "Log-rolling," caught on, and, decadence being mistaken for progress, the cry was widely taken up. The critical conscience having been killed and buried, writers rivalled each other in wildness of assertion; works were belauded for qualities which were conspicuous by their absence; and others were praised in the ratio of their badness, and every good quality was sneered at as "academic." This flood of topsy-turvydom swept some of the public off their feet; the true art-lovers saw that most of the belauded works were atrocious daubs—mere advertising tricks; but, as these were so persistently declared to be the best art of the time, they began to doubt their own judgment, and ceased to buy modern works.

The disastrous results of this infamous campaign are the depreciation of our National Art by many millions of pounds in value, wide-spread distress among artists, and an unsettlement of aims which paralyses and bewilders them. The New Gallery has passed or is passing, and other societies are likely soon to be homeless; while the trade in "faked" and other Old Masters is booming. This senseless and unpatriotic campaign has done infinitely more harm to us nationally, than it has done good to the decadents in whose interests it was started, started by aliens and semi-aliens who had not the taste, knowledge, or the insight to appreciate the characteristic genius of British art.

Nor is this all. This Little Bethel of art, the N.E.A.C., is supported largely by the Slade Professors, for the purpose of showing their own and their pupils' works that would stand little chance of getting exhibited elsewhere. If teaching is to be judged by results, then theirs is a grave inversion of the intentions of Felix Slade, and a searching inquiry should be at once instituted into what looks like serious maladministration of the funds left to "promote and encourage Fine Art in England." This is much more serious than the charges of maladministration so recklessly brought against the directors of the Chantrey Funds, which the Commission so largely disapproved. The buying of one work rather than another is a small matter compared with the fatal misdirection of pupils' lives. Their taste is perverted, and their judgment inverted; the artistic conscience deadened; drawing, which is the science of art, is shamefully lax, and the technique in oil is unsound, tricky, and pernicious to the last degree; while all those higher qualities which are the Poetry of Art, and are the chief glory of the British School, are scouted as academic. These Professors must surely have been appointed on some Gilbertian principle of topsy-turvydom.

Are there no editors with patriotism and public spirit enough to expose the baneful quackery which passes for art and criticism, and generous enough to begin to pay that heavy debt of reparation due to the true artists of Great Britain? When a great daily paper, hitherto noted for its fairness to art, on change of editorship, cynically makes a dealer in the works of the decadents its art "critic," then surely the lowest depths are reached, and a strong and united protest should be made to bring that editor to a sense of decency.

But I do not wish to end on such a painful and pessimistic note. While the decadence has wrought such desolation here, it is worse abroad, and we still hold the leading place in the world of art. All these decadent works will gradually manure the soil, and we may expect splendid new developments later on; but they will have to be on the lines I indicated in "Anarchism in Art," with a margin for the unexpected. Mr. Balfour, deploring the chaos and anarchism in art and criticism, said that Philosophy could not yet help us, as it is not ready. But the first chapter of the *New Philosophy of Art* stands written in the book named above, and in an article on the "Purpose of Art," in the *Contemporary Review*, some hints of which I have given in these columns. Even the "conception of mysticism" Mr. Balfour referred to as giving the clue, is also there. This new conception of the purpose of art transforms the whole out-

look, and places art (in its whole range) on a higher pedestal than has ever yet been claimed for it, and ranks it among the first of the higher utilities. When this view is attained we shall get a new inspiration, and a glorious era in art; but to see this sunrise we must turn our backs on the New English Art Club and all its works.

E. WAKE COOK.

BARE TREES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you permit me first to congratulate the writer of "Bare Trees" on his beautiful and thoughtful essay, and secondly, to supplement it with a few remarks drawn from individual experience?

He very justly dwells upon the appeal which trees have in all ages and all countries made to the heart of the European, instancing Greek, Roman, mediæval, and modern literature. Well, I have found that sensitiveness to the mystery of the tree is not a monopoly of the European mind. The Asiatic appears to be equally susceptible to the magic of trees. I am not referring to the fascination of the forest—that is an elementary feeling enough—but to the subtler effect produced by individual trees. Here is an example. In India I have found five trees revered as sacred by the Hindus. But the one to which especial homage is paid is the peepul-tree. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are all believed to dwell within its divine form, accompanied by their respective families. And when the wind plays amid its foliage, swaying the long pendant stalks gently to and fro, in the innumerable whispering of the leaves the devout Hindu hears the secret voices of his gods, even as the unwashed priests of Zeus heard the voices of theirs in the rustling of the oaks of Dodona. Here we have poetry raised to the level of religion. The "scientist" will tell us that it is all superstition, and dismiss the matter with the cacophonous epithet "animism." But for my part I find real charm in the adoration paid by the unsophisticated people to their sacred peepul-tree. I regard it as a semi-conscious recognition of the potency of its beauty, and I like to watch the pious Hindu take off his shoes reverently when he comes near the tree, walk five times round it barefoot, and, with head bent to the ground, repeat the following verse:—"The roots are Brahma, the bark Vishnu, the branches the Mahadeos. In the bark lives the Ganges; the leaves are the minor deities. Hail to thee, King of Trees!" Would that we modern, "civilised," prosaic folk had a tithe of the poetic sensibility which prompts this sacred symbolism!

G. F. ABBOTT.

"ROBERT EMMET."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—You have reviewed Mr. Stephen Gwynn's historical romance, "Robert Emmet," and perhaps you will allow me to make a correction of what purports to be a statement of fact in the book which concerns the honour of Major Sirr, my grandfather. I should not notice this were it not claimed by Mr. Gwynn in his preface that the narrative "is a faithful recital of things which happened in the year 1803. The names are the names of the real actors in those scenes."

I think Mr. Gwynn might have given first hand, if it has any foundation, the tale of torture of Anne Delvin outside Dublin when Major Sirr was not present, a tale for which Madden is the original authority ("United Irishmen," III. Series, Vol. 3, pp. 178-180, 1846). Madden avers, in conclusion, the woman was then sent to town (Dublin), and "no sooner was she brought before Major Sirr than he, in the most civil and coaxing manner," endeavoured to prevail upon her to give the information respecting Emmet's place of concealment.

Mr. Gwynn has presented a version of the tale, which doubtless he believes to be true, and which Dr. Emmet, of New York, gives in "The Emmet Family," a book printed for private circulation, and considered by the late Mr. C. Litton Falkiner to impute with readiness every kind of villainy, possible and impossible, to the authorities. ("Essays Relating to Ireland," 1909, under Robert Emmet, p. 118.) Dr. Emmet accuses Major Sirr of the inhuman behaviour which Madden lays to the charge of a magistrate and yeomanry. As Mr. Gwynn follows Dr. Emmet's version of 1898, there is, of course, no mention of Major Sirr's real behaviour towards Anne Delvin in the historical romance, and the impression of Major Sirr's character left upon the reader is at variance with the article in the Dictionary of National Biography and its revised issue.

H. SIRR.

2, Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone Road, W.

A MISNOMER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As no correction has appeared, may I point out the curious error made by a writer in the penultimate ACADEMY, who stated that Chapman's translation of the Iliad is in "English hexameters"? Perhaps this was a misprint for "heptameters," the verse containing seven feet (normally fourteen syllables). Even so, the phrase is unhappy, for Greek iambic verse was scanned by "dipodes," or pairs of feet, so that an iambic heptameter would be indeed a prodigious line. If a Greek term must be used, "heptapody" is the proper word. But why should Greek terms be employed at all in describing English verse? Surely "seven-foot" is good enough for anybody; it is unambiguous, intelligible to English readers, and escapes the pitfalls which beset unwary users of Greek terminology.

T. S. O.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg.* By Charles Major. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- Love and the Lodger.* By Priscilla Craven. Digby, Long, and Co. 6s.
- A Longshore Lass.* By James Blyth. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
- Big John Baldwin.* By Wilson Vance. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.
- What Lay Beneath, a Story of the Queensland Bush.* By "Coo-ee" (W. S. Walker). John Ouseley. 6s.
- The Story of Griselda—The Tenth Story of the Tenth Day of the Decameron of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio.* Philip Lee Warner, Publisher to the Medici Society.
- Tales of Irish Life and Character.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by Erskine Nicol, R.S.A. T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.
- The Legends of Flowers; or, 'Tis Love that makes the World go Round.* Translated from the Italian of Paolo Mantegazza, by Mrs. J. Alexander Kennedy. Second Series. With a coloured Frontispiece by Walter Crane. T. N. Foulis. 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, & MEMOIRS

- Trial of Captain Porteous.* Edited by William Roughead; Writer to the Signet. Illustrated. William Hodge and Co., Edinburgh. 5s. net.
- The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie, F.R.S. Illustrated. T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.
- Bengal, Past and Present: Journal of the Calcutta Historical Society.* Vol. IV. July-December, 1908. Calcutta.
- How to Write the History of a Parish: An Outline Guide to Topographical Records, Manuscripts, and Books.* By the Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D. Fifth Edition, revised. George Allen and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
- A History of the United States and its People, from their Earliest Records to the Present Time.* By Elroy McKendree Avery. In Sixteen Volumes. Vol. VI. Illustrated. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

THEOLOGY

- The Efficiency and Inefficiency of a Diocese: Being the Primary Visitation Charge of Hyshe Lord Bishop of Worcester, D.D.* S.P.C.K. 6d.
- La Faculté de Théologie de Paris, et ses Docteurs les plus Célèbres.* By l'Abbé P. Feret. Alphonse Picard et Fils, Paris. 7 frs. 50 c.
- The Birth and Growth of Toleration, and Other Essays.* By the Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A. George Allen and Sons. 5s. net.
- Modernity and the Churches.* By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. Williams and Norgate. 5s.
- Tu es Petrus: An Examination of two Passages in S. Matthew's Gospel, and of the Doctrine of the Real Presence.* By the Rev. E. D. Stone, M.A. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.
- "Oxford," a Sermon preached in Mansfield College Chapel.* By the Rev. Frank Lenwood, M.A. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 6d.

VERSE

- The Ways of Many Waters.* By E. J. Brady. T. C. Lothian, Melbourne, and Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.
- Nunc Dimittis.* By J. A. Nicklin. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d.
- Echoes of the Infinite.* By Marcus S. C. Rickards. J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 4s. 6d. net.
- Hamewith.* By Charles Murray. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by R. Douglas Strachan. Constable and Co. 5s. net.
- The Three Dreams.* By S. M. Gullick.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Indian Speeches (1907-1909).* By Viscount Morley, O.M. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Socialism and Government.* By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. Independent Labour Party. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. net each.
- The Wonderful Year 1909; An Illustrated Record of Notable Achievements and Events.* Headley Bros. 2s. 6d. net.
- Natural History in Zoological Gardens.* By Frank E. Beddard, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- From Cradle to School; A Book for Mothers.* By the late Mrs. Ada S. Ballin. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- The Japanese Spirit.* By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. With an Introduction by George Meredith. New Popular Edition. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- Napoleon: A Historical Tragedy in Four Acts and Nine Scenes.* By Algernon Boyesen. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
- A Mine of Faults.* Translated from the Original Manuscript by P. W. Bain. James Parker and Co., Oxford. 5s. net.
- Seekers in Sicily, being a Quest for Persephone by Jane and Peripatetica.* Done into the Vernacular by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt. Illustrated. John Lane. 5s. net.
- Life and the Great Forever: Daily Readings in Prose and Verse.* Collected by E. Chesney (Mrs. E. P. Charlewood). John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
- Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet.* By Sven Hedin. 2 vols. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.
- Sketches of English Life and Character.* By Mary E. Mitford. Illustrated by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.
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- The Children's Book of New Testament Story.* By Mrs. C. D. Francis. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.
- The Usual Half-Crown.* By F. Bayford Harrison. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.
- Mr. Punch and Party.* By H. Louisa Bedford. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

PERIODICALS

- Cambridge University Reporter; Modern Language Teaching; Blackwood's Magazine; St. Nicholas, Christmas Number; Illustrated London News, Christmas Number; Sketch, Christmas Number; Sphere, Christmas Number; Scribner's Magazine, Christmas Number; Bookseller; Revue Bleue; Fortnightly Review; English Review; Year-Book of the Viking Club; Oxford and Cambridge Review; Socialist Review; Century Magazine; Cornhill Magazine; The Country Home; Akademos; Art Journal; Contemporary Review; L'Œuvre; Empire Review; Travel and Exploration; Educational Times; The Thrush; New Quarterly; Dickensian; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Boy's Own Paper, and Christmas Number; Girl's Own Paper, Christmas Number; Cambridge University Reporter.*

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"SCORPIO."

By J. A. CHALONER

He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horse-shoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A second sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
His votareesses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

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Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
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Their escorts parvenus of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

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